

SPIRITUAL SCIENTIST

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE SCIENCE, HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, AND TEACHINGS OF

SPIRITUALISM.

Vol. I.

"Try to understand Yourself, and Things in general."

No. 26

Yearly,
Two Dollars and a Half.

BOSTON, MARCH 4, 1875.

Weekly,
Seven Cents a Copy.

SPIRITUAL SCIENTIST.

PUBLISHED BY

The Scientist Publishing Company, 18 Exchange St., Boston,

EVERY THURSDAY.

E. GERRY BROWN, EDITOR.

Back Numbers of the Scientist can be furnished.

THE Article on the "MEDIUMS OF BOSTON," appears on page 302. "Diogenes" this week presents the name of Mrs. N. NELSON.

IS LONGFELLOW A SPIRITUALIST?

HE SAYS HE IS NOT.—WHAT AN AUTHOR SAID.

THE British National Association of Spiritualists having addressed a letter to Henry W. Longfellow, requesting that he become an honorary member of the Association, he replied as follow:—

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Jan. 15, 1875.

DEAR MISS KISLINGBURY:—Not being a Spiritualist in the usual and popular sense of the word—that is to say, never having seen any manifestations that convinced me of the presence of spirits—I should deem it almost an act of dishonesty on my part to accept the compliment you offer.

I must, therefore, with many thanks for this mark of your consideration, beg leave to decline it. With great regard, yours truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Mr. J. M. Peebles, late United States Consul at Trebizonde, in a book entitled "Around the World," says that Mr. Longfellow attended a seance at Baron Kirkup's residence in Florence, and there "avowed himself a believer in the present ministry of angels."

The editor of the London Spiritualist, commenting on the above, says,—

On the direct authority of the late Mr. Guppy, we once published Mr. Guppy's statement that at a seance in Italy, while Mr. Longfellow held both hands of the medium, orange blossoms were showered on him by spirit power, and he was satisfied with the manifestation. Statements like these, connecting a well-known man, with an unpopular subject, ought not to be made without foundation, so it is satisfactory to see the above emphatic denial, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Longfellow may be induced, now that his attention is drawn to Spiritualism, to inquire into a subject with which his nature is much in sympathy, which will scientifically explain much connected with his own unconscious inspiration, and which throws so much light upon the nature of man, and the true sources of real human happiness. There is, nevertheless,

considerable discrepancy between the above letter and the statement of Mr. Peebles.

Is it all a jest of Peebles'?
Wicked Peebles, gay deceiver,
Naughty Peebles, the tall-talker.
Or has Longfellow, the poet,
Talked with spirits at fair Florence?
Talked with grave-eyed, earnest spirits,
Phantoms from the land of shadows,
From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter?
Has his memory slipped its cable,
Broken from his normal knowledge?
Has the tail of the big tadpole—
Wigilwagil, chief of tadpoles—
Breaks off from the lozenge body,
When the reptile's legs are sprouting
In the sparkling Laughing Water,
Flashing on the snowy lilies
Near the falls of Minnehaha.

JOHN KING.

HIS APPEARANCE IN AUSTRALIA.—THE WONDERFUL SPIRIT LIGHT.

THE spirit of John King is at present manifesting himself at Sandhurst, Australia, making himself visible by the wonderful spirit light.

[This lamp is a self-luminous cake or cylinder about four inches long by two in diameter; it is carried by materialized hands and surrounded by drapery. It was about two years ago, we think, that this light was first spoken of in England, and at that time was brought by Katie King. It had not then attained the perfect form above described, but resembled a lemon in shape; it emitted a pale, bluish light which rapidly faded. It did not flicker but faded gradually, though renewed its brilliancy when Katie made passes over it. Prof. Crookes has had the advantage of seeing this spirit light by the side of a lamp of phosphorized oil, and the color was perceptibly different and stronger.]

The appearance of John King, as described by the chairman of the circle at Sandhurst, corresponds to that given of him by those who witnessed his manifestations in England. He has, however, since appeared in different shaped turbans, one being round in shape and twisted in a very artistic manner in front. All the circle has been permitted to feel King's head, face, and beard near the floor, a well-formed spirit hand coming up from the floor and passing the beard through their hands. The hair on the head and beard feels just like human hair. Lately he is trying to illuminate his entire form in the centre of the room, so that all may see him at once. To a certain extent he has succeeded, as they are now able to see his face and form dimly. When he passes round the circle, carrying his light in his hand, each member is afforded the opportunity of having a good look at him, and sometimes when he perceives that any have not seen him well, he passes their hand down his face and beard.

THE MEDIUMS OF BOSTON.

A SCARED MEDIUM.—DIOGENES PRODUCING A DISAGREEABLE SENSATION AMONG THE INDIANS AND LITTLE GIRLS.—WHAT HE WAS TOLD BY A NOTED SEER AT ROCHESTER HALL.—NERVOUSNESS AND DISTRUST PAINFULLY EXHIBITED.—A SHORT AND MOST UNSATISFACTORY SITTING.

MRS. NELLIE S. NELSON.

[Suppose an individual should say, "I will become a candid investigator of Spiritualism, and visit the prominent spiritual mediums of Boston for this purpose,"—what would be the result? We thought this would be an interesting record, and shall present such an experience. These articles will be continued; but each is complete in itself, and deals with one medium. The investigator at all times places himself in that "condition" supposed to be favorable to the best results. The experience is genuine, and is truthfully related. Ed.]

It would seem that I am the innocent cause of a scare among some of "the mediums of Boston." Sundry communications have been addressed to me at the office of this paper, in which I have been roundly abused, and my articles strongly characterized; so that, of course, I was well aware that quite a number of our spiritual friends were breathing out threatenings against the recreant wielder of this indifferent quill.

Some have made anxious inquiries as to who Diogenes was, and have not been content to accept the explanation that the writer of these sketches was none other than the classic searcher after honesty, materialized, tub, lantern, and all; for the especial benefit of conducting an impersonal and impartial investigation in this modern Athens into the doings of her famous mediums.

Yet I can volunteer no other. But I was not prepared to find that, failing to identify the materialized form of the ancient sage, a medium would take fright, and resort to the practice of accusing every gentleman who asked for a sitting with being none other than the hated Diogenes of the detestable Scientist. Yet I have reliable authority for saying that in the case of the medium whose name heads this article, such a nervous course has been pursued.

Really I scarce know whether to feel most flattered, annoyed, or amused at the fact. To a man of only average physique, and a most pacific temperament, pulling down the scale at about one hundred and fifty, and enjoying only fair to middling health, it is somewhat flattering to know that a lady of magnificent proportions and overwhelming avoirdupois should shrink from his approach, and timidly inquire of every new male arrival—are you Diogenes?

Then again, my intentions being entirely honorable, and my method of inquiry perfectly peaceable and harmless, it is somewhat annoying to find that a medium has formed so ill an opinion of me as to be shrinking in her sanctum, with the same holy horror of my advent, that Luther had of Lucifer in his monastic cell.

But the amusing side of the incident, is to me still more palpable. Just conceive of the host of terrible spirit warriors all in full war-paint, the ghosts of those dreaded ogres whom our New England forefathers were wont to style "the red devils" palsied, struck with the paralysis of fear, and convulsed with spasms of terror, at the idea of being interviewed by a puny white brave of the journalistic ilk. The little girls might be excused for beating a timorous retreat, but in the case of the chiefs, who have returned from the happy hunting grounds, nobody could have expected to find this astounding cowardice. Nor shall I attempt to offer a theory to explain the extraordinary fact,—and fact I know it to be,—that some of our mediums, notwithstanding the assistance of Indian guides are shuddering at the shade of Diogenes and his lantern, and behaving much in the same fashion that Belshazzar is said to have conducted himself when his eyes caught the mysterious handwriting on the palace wall. "Conscience makes cowards of us all" wrote the great bard of Avon, and if that offers a key to the puzzle, you are welcome to it.

Now I am aware that I have committed a lengthy digression, and indulged in a preface of unusual extent, but I have this excuse to plead, to wit, that I have but a short sitting to relate, and therefore the space allotted me by the editor will amply suffice both to include this long-winded introductory, and the account of the sitting itself.

Mrs. Nellie S. Nelson is a lady who has established

herself in very pleasant and convenient and well-furnished rooms, at No. 554 Wathington Street, just under Rochester Hall, and, therefore, in a locality well-known doubtless to many readers of this paper, some of whom have probably seen the sign-board announcing the situation of Mrs. Nelson's office which adorns the front entrance, and in which she holds herself out to the world as "a business and test medium." I called on her one morning not long ago, and found her busily engaged. I could hear the echo of what I found to be her voice as I was ascending the stairs from the street. She talks occasionally very loud to her sitters, and did it possess any interest to my readers I might give them here an extract from the communications given by Mrs. Nelson to the sitter who occupied her on my arrival, which were spoken in such trumpet-tones that I was enabled to hear every word whilst standing at the head of the stairs and, at least, ten or twelve yards from the lady's office door, I merely note this as a peculiarity of Mrs. Nelson's style. Personally she is a lady of probably over forty and under fifty years of age (I shouldn't like to guess with any greater precision) very, very portly, with a full face, good color, and dark complexion. She was attired in a kind of a loose morning wrapper when I called, which made her look more corpulent perhaps than she really is. When she came to the door to admit me, she scanned my appearance very suspiciously, and I almost instinctively felt that friend Ripley's sign-board was stuck on to my arm with the word "Scientist" printed on it for Mrs. Nelson's benefit. However, I was asked in and shown into the inner room. Two or three times I noticed Mrs. Nelson's face peeping around the door and peering at me with an anxious, apprehensive expression, which seemed to say "I wish I knew if you are Diogenes, you shouldn't get me to sit for you." I appeared not to notice this repeated peeping, and, at length, I was asked to "Come into this room please."

I went in and selected a seat near the window. Mrs. Nelson seated herself in an easy chair, facing me, and for two minutes there was a silence, like that of the voiceless grave, during which the medium placed her eyes on my face with a pertinacious stare which ought to assure to her the ability to recognize me anywhere, and at any time. Then drawing a long and heavy sigh, Mrs. Nelson deliberately spake these words, and said: "You are connected with a paper." I had expected the sign-board expedient, but this was a less explicit thrust.

"A paper! How; I don't quite understand."

"You write for the newspapers, don't you?"

Conscientiously I replied 'No.' I do write for a newspaper, but not indiscriminately for "the newspapers," and therefore I falsified nothing in my answer.

Mrs. Nelson averted her head whilst an incredulous look overspread her face, and then came up to the attack again, with, "Did you want a business sitting?"

"No, I wish a test sitting. I should like to hear from one of my friends in particular, if I can."

Long pause. Medium sighs, and stares alternately for five minutes, and then says: "Who sent you? How was it you came to me?" I answered briefly, that I saw her name on the outside of the door as I passed, and being desirous of getting a message from the friend in question, I had come up.

Pause again. More sighing and considerably more staring. "You are an investigator, are you?"

"Well, yes, I have seen a little of spiritual manifestations, not a very large amount, I fear I'm not sufficiently well posted to investigate." This last had the desired effect, for the time, of dispelling the fear of Diogenes from the medium, who now proceeded into the trance state. This she appeared to do very easily. There was little or no struggling, no closing of the eyes, except to open them again very quickly, and really I can hardly say where the conscious state ended and the trance began, unless I take it that when the medium called out "Hushy! Hushy! Hushy!" her control had taken possession. She informed me during the sitting, that her control was a female spirit named "Maggie," but I did not learn anything of Maggie's earthly antecedents.

"Me want you to come up closer. Take this chair," were the first words of the entranced medium. I moved to the chair indicated.

"Oh, there's such a beautiful spirit stands close beside you. Do you know that?"

"Is it a male or female spirit?" I asked.

"Oh, It be a lady, a beautiful spirit. So lovely! and she brings flowers and puts 'em on your forehead, and she puts her hand on your shoulder now, and says, 'Me so glad to meet you.'"

"What is she like?" I queried.

"Oh, she's a beautiful, beautiful spirit, such good influences. She's about twenty, I think, young squaw. Do you know who I mean?"

"Can you give me her name?"

"Sarah! Sarah! Lizzie! Lizzie! Who's that? She got a little papoose in her hand. Who be dat? Do you know?"

"I thought they were in the spirit land," I said, "I only know of one little papoose, my own little one, and he's living."

"No, no, the papoose what she got hold of by the hand, he be still in the earth life. He be the little boy what you call yourn, know the one I mean? And she be the mother squaw, ain't she?"

"What, do you mean that my wife comes back to me?"

"Yes, yes, that's it, what you call your wife—the mother squaw what me call her."

I have only to say that at the time this article goes to press both Mrs. Diogenes and Diogenes junior continue in the earth life and in the enjoyment of good health.

Now, opening her eyes full, and taking another of those long and searching stares at me, the medium said, "Do you live in Boston?" "I do," I could not exactly see what bearing this had on spirit matters, and am inclined to think it was only another attempt to unearth my identity.

"There is a little girl, now, comes and stands beside of you."

"What is her name?"

"I cannot tell you, but she is a sweet spirit, and she brings a good and pure influence to you."

"Is she a sister of mine?"

"Yes, that's it, she's a sister, and she comes now to you and says, 'Bruvver, I'm so glad to meet you here to-day. I want you to come again and see. Give my love to all the folks, won't you?'"

"Can you tell me how my sister looks?"

"She is light, and has the pretty, curly hair."

"That would do for a description of a sister I once had in the earth life, but, nevertheless, I am not convinced that her spirit was present on this occasion."

"There is one spirit friend of mine, in particular, from whom I should like to hear, if he is here," I now said.

"Yes, he's here," said the medium. "He stands besides you now and says, 'My dear friend, I'm so glad to see you. Shake hands.'" And I shook hands with the medium as desired.

"C— is the name I hear," resumed the medium. "Is that his name?"

I answered that it was, which was the fact.

"And I hear G—" continued the medium. "Who's that?"

"That is my name," I replied, my Christian name having been indeed correctly given.

Then the medium delivered what purported to be a message from C— as follows, "My dear G—, I greet you affectionately this morning. You and I were always close friends in life, and I shall still come back to this earth from my new home and watch over your progress, giving you that spiritual guidance and support which you need, G—, good-by."

I did not want my friend C— thus summarily to close the proceedings and so promptly put in the question, "Can you tell me what my friend is like?"

The reply was eminently unsatisfactory, and as follows: "He is a young man, pale and sad-looking, with a slight flush when he was well. His hair was dark and he had a heavier moustache than you. He died of a trouble here (indicating the chest), and very suddenly."

I say that this was an unsatisfactory reply, inasmuch as C— died of brain disease, never was in life a pale man, but always very rosy-complexioned, in fact, remarkably so. His hair was dark and he had a moustache, as the medium mentioned, and that is the only part of her description that fits his appearance. He was not a very young man. The medium went on to state that he appeared in regalia of some sort, as though he were a Mason or Odd Fellow, or something of that sort. To the best of my knowledge he belonged to no order of the kind, though a friend of his tells me that he once was a Good Templar. The only organization with which I knew him to be connected was a club, and the members of that club wore no regalia.

"He lived at R—, didn't he?" said the medium, after a

little while. The place named was the actual place of my friend's residence.

I then asked, as I did of Mrs. Cooper, if he could remember this and that and the other circumstance of his intimacy with me in the earth life. The medium's answers were all plain "Yes" or "No," and nothing was said, by way of a voluntary communication, to further convince me of my friend's actual presence. If I said as I did once "C—, do you remember what we talked about the last time I met you on — Street?" the answer was like this, "Yes, I remember very well. I didn't think I was going to leave you so soon then." There was this generality in many of her replies. In one of the answers, however, the medium left generalities for a moment and declared that C— and myself were very much interested in spiritual matters together. To the best of my recollections I never exchanged five words with him on any spiritual topic.

Throughout the sitting, the medium appeared very uneasy. Her eyes were never closed more than two minutes together, and, at least, a score of times I found her eyes fixed on me with that scrutinizing gaze which I have already referred to in the opening scenes of the sitting. At length, without telling me she had returned to the conscious state (and I really can't say whether she had or not) the medium said, point blank, "What business are you in?" I mentioned a trade with which I am slightly connected, determined not to allow the medium any ground for suspecting me to be Diogenes. But I am conscious that the suspicion never forsook her to the last; and when, at last, I intimated, by pulling out my purse, that I had got all the answers I wanted, I feel certain that if I could have read the mind of the medium, I should have found there a sweet sense of relief and satisfaction.

"Was your sitting satisfactory?"

"It was," I answered, and after parting company with the usual two dollars, I soon found myself on Washington Street, and ruminating, in an amused way, over the nervousness which Mrs. Nelson had so plainly exhibited throughout the sitting.

I told Mrs. Nelson that I was satisfied with the sitting, and now I will explain in what sense I used that expression. I am then to sum up, satisfied that Mrs. Nelson failed to bring any genuine communications from any of my friends. The only facts stated, during the trance, in harmony with the truth, were the mentions of the Christian names of my friend and myself. But is it to be maintained that when my friend's description was unable to be given, his appearance, indeed, being almost wholly at variance with the medium's sketch of him, when he never gives a single correct reply, except in a general, vague way, and only once strays into particulars and then makes an entire mistake,—is it, I ask, in the face of all this, reasonable to suppose that he was really present, merely because his Christian name was correctly called. I think not. Whatever Mrs. Nelson's powers, as a medium, may be, when "the conditions" are not disturbed by an overpowering scare, —or when, to speak plainly, she is not living "in fear and trembling," and with "a fearful looking for" of Diogenes, I cannot say. But in the state of trepidation evinced by her during her sitting with me, as above detailed, I do not hesitate to say that her powers amount to absolutely nothing.

DIOGENES.

SHORT-HAND NOTES.

It is all very well to talk of taking things as they come but suppose it happens to be a lightning express train?.... THE first step is commonly considered the most important of all. But in reality it always results in a fall. Don't you recollect how it was yourself when you were about a year old. ONLY a surgeon would be willing to drive a horse-scar. BOSTON now boasts a Chinese laundry. It is said to polish off its patrons in the most shining manner.... TRUTH is said to be light, but it doesn't appear to serve in cities on a dark night in the absence of gas.... ONE of our debating societies is seriously considering whether a joke is best before or after it is cracked.... "Hope told a flattering tale," but Fact came out afterwards and affirmed that it was nothing but flatter.... REMEDY against pocket picking—have no pockets.... THE dealer in milk uptown who reduced the price of the same is a cold water man.

HISTORICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL

AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS.

BY THOMAS W. SILLOWAY, A. M.

THERE are many people who seem to be afflicted with a moral dyspepsia, and so are inclined to croak. They intend well, and have the good of humanity in view, but are terribly alarmed at the existence of evil, assuming that the race is in a lamentable moral decline. They say "it was not so once," that before these later times of so-called liberal religion and thought; and more especially before the advent of modern Spiritualism all was well. They pray for a suppression of the new thought, and, that the great ism, may have an early death. They say "give us the good old pious times of the fathers, and we will be satisfied." No good can, or does, in their opinion, come out of this nineteenth century Nazareth.

Is the point well or ill taken? Not assumed opinions, but the record itself can solve the problem. I commence then as data with a statement lately made by the Rev. Thomas Morong, the much respected pastor, of the old church at Ipswich, Mass.,—which more than two centuries ago, was one of the distinguished churches of New England. He has lately preached a most admirable sermon at Rowley, Mass., at the installation of Rev. Mr. Josselyn, as pastor of the Orthodox Congregationalist Church, a parish as old as the one in which Mr. Morong himself, ministers. Remembering what was formerly preached on such occasions. I am moved to name in passing,—though hardly germane to my more immediate object of writing,—a sentiment he uttered in his discourse, concerning the best methods of operating now. He says:—

"Look at the modern methods of warfare, and take a lesson. The old, ponderous armor of the Crusaders, how long would it take a minnie rifle to bore through the iron helmet and breast-plate? Why should we wear our antiquated theological and ecclesiastical cast-iron? It has done us good service, but it will not do now. . . . God speed the day when ministers and churches shall use the weapons of the Gospel in the true Christian way!"

Very good sentiment, and especially acceptable, as being Orthodox opinion, in the never yet questioned ancient, evangelical Ipswich church.

Mr. M., while he has made great discoveries and advances, and in many respects, well discerns "the signs of the times," he yet falls into the prevalent error of supposing that our own times are peculiarly sinful and corrupt; marked by irreligion and manifesting a great decline in spiritual things.

He says: "The masses have largely fallen away from any direct influence of the church and the pulpit. . . . The grandchildren of those who were members of the church, have lost interest in divine things, and are lapsed into 'civilized heathenism.' This is but a specimen of the indifference to the institutions of religion, which may be found more or less in every town of New England."

Grant the fact, and deplore the present conditions as we may, but let us not assume that our own times are peculiar,—That the—*now* is worse than the *then*. Go back a little less than two generations. What was the existing condition? What was the piety from which the people of 1874, have declined? I take the opinion of one of the then master minds, and most vigilant watchmen on the walls of Zion,—Rev. Nathaniel Emmons, D. D. of Franklin, Mass. A man evangelical enough to receive full endorsement of any minister of them all, for which the celebrated church at Ipswich, is distinguished—none more illustrious of all the New England churches. He preached a Fast Day sermon in 1823,—fifty-one years ago, and to him, then, things appeared worse, probably, than they do to Mr. Morong now. He also, deplored the "decline," and saw good only far back of him. He little thought it so much as possible, for such a degenerated age yet to come, as that in which a pastor of the ancient and godly church at Ipswich—which, he well knew,—would quote his own times as an example for piety and religion, worthy of imitation, and deplore that those of the later time, were not up to so good and desirable a standard. He says:—

"Family government and family religion have become almost extinct. In town and country, throughout the United States, the great multitude spend the Sabbath in slumbering, or idleness, or secular pursuit, or vain amusements. Infidelity abounds among high and low. Profaneness has spread every-

where. Intemperance is reducing thousands and millions, to poverty, wretchedness and untimely death, and threatening the Nation with ruin."

It may be thought that the Doctor was, perchance, living in a community especially sinful, and not representing other localities. How about Ipswich itself, at that day? On Nov. 6, 1825, Rev. Joseph Dana, completed a sixty years' pastorate over the South Church of that town. In a sermon, preached on the occasion he says:—

"This is a speculating age. . . . This is an age in which the wisdom of men too often exalts itself into a competition with the authority of Revelation."

Neither Huxley or Tyndall, was the author of this, surely. He continues: "This is an age of curiosities and novelties."

Next, he asks a series of mournful questions, which must have induced ecstatic conditions in his friend, Dr. Emmons. How he must have thanked God, as he read them, for the great success which Dr. Dana's statement appeared to him to be. The troubled Dana yet asks:—

"Is there not a mournful falling off from the great truths of Revelation?" . . .

Is there not a falling off in alarming instances, from that piety which was the glory of the fathers? The good time to him, was back somewhere, not there, sure, and perhaps not again to be. He deplores yet again, and asks:—

"Is there not a falling off from sanctuary worship? That disheartening to the ministry, from delivering their messages to empty seats is something, and feeling minds will sometimes think of that, and perhaps more, when the messengers are gone. . . . Does not Zion mourn that her sacramental feasts are so thinly attended? . . . Is there not a falling off from the Sabbath itself, especially in some circles, even in this region once renowned for piety and religious observation of the Lord's day?"

Mr. Morong seems to have echoed the words of Dana whose *then* surely, was no more desirable than Mr. Morong's *now*. An entire half century exists between.

I go back eight years more. On Jan. 7, 1816,—some years before Mr. Morong himself was born,—on that day, at Marblehead, a son of the foregoing, Rev. Samuel Dana, pastor of the church there, saw no good *then* existing, but turned backward for light and glory. In his historical sermon preached on that day, now fifty-eight years ago, he says:—

"It concerns us to be sensible of our melancholy declensions, and deeply lament them before God. . . . How many of our young people of both sexes, encouraged by the example of their elders, waste and profane holy time in the most dreadful manner, and are scarcely ever in a place of worship, unless it may be occasionally by night, or even for disorderly purposes. . . . How much irreligion, impiety, and iniquity of various descriptions is continually practiced by those whose ancestors humbly walked with God."

We go back yet again, and to a remove of twenty-five years, and more. Dr. Emmons is again our authority. In a sermon preached by him in 1790, he says:—

"We have become an extremely corrupt and degenerate people. . . . It is truly alarming to take a particular view of our prevailing corruptions. . . . The streets are filled with children who learn the dialect of hell, before they learn the rudiment of their mother tongue. I might add a long list of vices, injustice, avarice, oppression, indolence, gaming, and almost every species of corruption which ever disgraced the most abandoned people."

This was said eighty-four years ago. The first statement by the Doctor was made in 1790; the second in 1823, just a generation between—no improvement or advance out of the "slough of despond." "Say not thou, what is the cause, that the former days were better than these, for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." A tendency to despise the present, seems to be chronic in all time, from the sermon by Mr. Morong, far back through each generation, the same condition has existed. It is a non-appreciation of the present; idealizing the past, and so being without light or hope for the future. Cotton Mather lamented with the eloquence of not only Emmons and Dana, but with the depth and pathos of Jeremiah himself. How he despises his own time, and deplores the fact of decline. On the 7th day of February, 1698, sixty-eight years after the settlement of Boston, and ninety-two years before the first lamentation quoted from Dr. Emmons, he delivered what was then called the "Boston Lecture." From that, I quote the following:—

"What changes have we seen in point of religion! It was noted by Luther, he 'could never see good order in the church last more than fifteen years together in the purity of it.' Blessed be God, religion hath here flourished in the purity of it, for more than fifteen years together. But certainly the power of godliness is now grievously decayed among us. . . 'Tis notorious that the sins of this town, have been many sins, and mighty sins; the 'cry thereof, hath gone up to Heaven.' If the Almighty God should from heaven rain down upon the town an horrible tempest of thunderbolts, as he did upon the cities 'which he overthrew in his anger, and repented not' it would be no more than our unrepented sins deserve. . . Our young men are too prodigal our old men are too affectionate, and we have no punishment for those who spend their years in idleness. Ah! the last sigh of that complaint, I must here sigh it over again. Idleness, alas! idleness increases in the town exceedingly; idleness, of which there never came any goodness! Idleness, which is a reproach to any people. . . From hence it comes to pass, that the consuming wrath of God is every day upon you. New England has been like a tottering house, the very foundations of it have been shaking."

I pass now to a period nearly three quarters of a century anterior to this, and with a single quotation from a discourse delivered then, will rest the case.

At the Court of Assizes at Lincoln, England, by request of the High Sheriff, Rev. Robert Sanderson, D. D., a man of large observation and very distinguished as a preacher, August 4th, 1625,—but four years after the landing of the Pilgrims here—preached the usual annual sermon, in which he speaks as follows:—

"Our wretched unthankfulness unto God for the long continuance of his Gospel, and our peace; our carnal confidence and security in the strength of our wooden and watry walls; our riot and excess (the noted proper sinne of this nation) and much intemperate abuse of the good creatures of God in our meates and drinks, and disports, and other provisions and comforts of this life; our incompassion to our brethren miserably wasted with war and famine in other parts of the world; our heavy oppression of our brethren at home, in racking rents, and cracking the backs, and grinding the faces of the poor, our cheap and irreverent regard unto God's holy ordinances of his Word and Sacraments, and Sabbaths and ministers; our wantonnesse and toyishnesse of understanding, in corrupting the simplicity of our Christian Faith, and troubling the Peace of the church with a thousand nicities and novelties and unnecessary wranglings in matters of religion; and (to reckon no more) that universal corruption which is in those which, (because they should be such,) we call the Courts of Justice, by sale of offices, enhancing of fees, devising new subtilties both for delay and evasion, trucking for expedition, making new trapps of petty, penal statutes, and but cobwebs of the most weighty and materiall laws. . . I fear me not the best of us all, not a man of us all, but are guilty of all, or some of them, at least, thus farre, that we have not mourned for the corruptions of the times, so feelingly, and not endeavoured the reformation of them to our power so faithfully, as we might and ought to have done."

Thus in turn have godly men, at all times, and in all ages, and places, been inclined to disparage their present, and look backwards for a condition of purity, beauty and perfection. How little have they heeded the injunction, to "forget the things that are behind, and press forward to those that are before." If we rightly discern the signs of the times, we may take courage for the future, and enjoy the present. Every utterance like that of the Ipswich pastor, arguing of a discovery of the fact that the "old methods" of warfare against evil are unfitted for to-day; every manifestation of desire for unity of the great church, rather than separation; the remarkable admission that the dividing walls should be taken down; this discarding of old theologic opinion and dogma, as a prerequisite to Christian fellowship; every charitable institution; every new avenue to science and education opened; the poor having the Gospel preached to them; the improved and comfortable homes that multiply; the increased longevity of our people, arguing well for the later sanitary laws; and last but not least; shining forth in a wonderful splendor, is the advanced, and yet advancing thought concerning the condition of our friends passed on; this flood of light to-day streaming down to enlighten those yet in the flesh, who in their best estate sit in the region and shadow of death; this time of not only thirst for knowledge of our other life, but reception of it; these, each point unmistakably to the time of final emancipation, for all, when, as the Scripture has it, "The Kingdoms of this world, shall have become the Kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ."

SPIRIT TEACHINGS.

QUESTION. Can a man nowhere be outside the operation of law?

THE STROLLING PLAYER. No, and therefore sin, vice, and misery are as much the expression of law as virtue, honor and happiness.

Q. Doesn't that lead one to infer that whatever is is right?

S. P. I will answer it in another method. Suppose it is wrong, how are you to prove it? You say this is true; that every single thing that grows in nature must grow from some existing cause which can only exist in accordance with a law governing it, which law is a result of a principle, which principle flows from the Author of all principles.

A VOICE. In that way you could reasonably prophesy.

S. P. Yes, when you know.

S. P. The old idea of the distinctness of vice and virtue from each other is not eradicated, even yet. When will men learn to reason correctly and find out that vice and virtue, so called, are but opposite results emanating from the same individual under different circumstances, just the same as night and day are part of the same scheme of existence, yet manifesting themselves under different phases of its operations. I will take you now into a little bit of reasoning on this matter. I like to tear this thing right up, because its good,—don't you think so?

CHAIRMAN. I think so.

S. P. If we accept the fact that the moral analysis of human nature lands us face to face with an impersonal principle—the spirit of man—we stand upon ground in harmony with the facts of Spiritualism, don't we? Granted. What is that spirit? May we term it the pure and undefiled essence of the divine?

C. Supposed to be.

S. P. Granted. The pure and undefiled essence of the divine must ever be its own nature, can never alter, can never vary, and, therefore, to say that this man sins, and that that man does not sin, is to imply that the essence of the divine has variability about it, can become defiled to-day and purified to-morrow. Such an implication does not seem to be in harmony with our understanding of that pure essence. But when we find that through the different grades of organization the quality of that essence is qualified, defiled it may be, because it has to express itself through imperfect conditions, then we find that there is no merit for virtue, and no condemnation for vice, because one is as much the legitimate expression of present conditions as is the other, and if you take and develop the physique of the individual to such a condition that the divine is able to express itself, in all its purity, then the inherent quality of the man struggles to the surface, comes forth, and proves that man is Divine, and not "only a little lower than the angels."

Q. Is all Spirit tending to the same point?

S. P. All Spirit is tending to the same result, which is its universal and individual expression.

Q. Are spirits always in relation to the earth?

S. P. My dear sir, this earth is for time; when it busts—I like that word—where would you go to if you were always related to it? Would the reaction of its shaking act on you and bust you also? Why, it won't hold water, because when this earth has served its purpose, and its time is up, it will be resolved into its primal elements, and to relate you to that earth, and only to that earth forever, would be manifest injustice, for when that earth was gone, where would you be? Wandering about without a home. You will remain in relations with this earth as long as there is anything in your nature that requires the assistance of these conditions of happiness, and just as long as your condition requires it you will have sympathy with the world wherein you first commenced to live. When the time comes that that sympathy dies out and you don't need that world nor that world need you, you will necessarily float onward into another stage of your spiritual career. All the spirits of this globe will ultimately emigrate. This essence we spoke of yesterday will be absorbed by other spheres and this world will go back into the sun.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND ADVERTISING RATES.

Subscriptions.—The SPIRITUAL SCIENTIST is published every Thursday by the SCIENTIST PUBLISHING COMPANY, and can be obtained of any newsdealer; or will be sent at the following rates:

Single Copy, One Year, \$2.50; Six Months, \$1.50; Three Months, \$1.00.

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Correspondence.—Correspondents who write letters consisting of personal opinions are requested not to make them more than a quarter of a column in length. Letters containing important facts or interesting news may be longer sometimes.

All communications for the Editor, books for review, &c., should be addressed E. GERRY BROWN, Office of the Spiritual Scientist, 18 Exchange Street, Boston, Mass.

SPIRITUAL SCIENTIST.

VOL. I.

MARCH 4,

No. 26.

REMOVAL. The Office and Editorial Room of the Scientist is now located at 18 Exchange Street, a few doors from State Street.

EXPOSURES.

The Religio Philosophical Journal of Chicago copies the Scientist expose of the box trick exhibited as a spiritual manifestation by Martin and Co., and comments freely thereon; but its reflections, if any are intended, are so vague, and capable of so many constructions, that we do not care to appropriate any of them as intending criticism on the Scientist. Nevertheless, we re-produce them with some few explanations.

The Religio remarks, in reply to our opinion that these mediums would continue their performances under the guise of Spiritualism:—

"Certainly they will continue to perform as before, the same as the Holmes."

Not so; Mrs. Holmes claims to possess mediumistic power, and is endorsed in this respect, unmistakably by the Religio Philosophical Journal, and we believe this to be a fact. On the contrary, Martin, after detection, acknowledged his performance to be a clever trick.

"You wouldn't believe the statements of Dr. Child and Robert Dale Owen, nor will we believe your statement. Some old granny should be sent to investigate the truthfulness of your charges, and who will be able, no doubt, to get up a counter report, and lay your informants in a lie.—Religio."

The Religio is indefinite; which statements does it refer to? Those made by Dr. Child and Robert Dale Owen, endorsing the Holmeses, which is the only intelligible one yet given, or some one of the numerous other glaring inconsistencies? The logic of the Religio seems to be "if you don't believe what I believe, I won't believe what you believe," which certainly is not the position of a journal capable of forming opinions on evidence, and maintaining them, until overruled in the same manner.

Perhaps it would be a wise plan to send some "old granny" to "investigate the truthfulness of the charges, &c." But doesn't the Religio think with us, that we have enough "old grannies" in these Spiritual investigations already?

One week, on the best of evidence, we accepted a statement favorable to the genuineness of this affair; against our own prejudice that the performance was not a spiritual manifestation. The next week, on still better evidence, demonstrated facts, and guilt admitted, we published the expose. Is it the province of a Spiritual journal to uphold any one who claims to be a medium, and anything which they claim to be Spiritual? Are we to cover up all fraud on the part of these people? Are we to see the most sacred affections trifled with, by these

most despicable frauds, and remain quiet that they may enrich themselves? We know not what the position of others may be in this respect; but the Scientist will always, unhesitatingly, and unequivocally, expose and denounce fraud whenever discovered. We will depend on evidence, which necessarily involves a consideration of the character of the witness and the nature of the testimony.

"The first prime old dunce that comes along, we will send to investigate this expose published in the Scientist, and we will be able to prove that Martin is a genuine medium, inclined, when conditions are not favorable, to counterfeit the manifestations.—Religio."

Nobody but a "prime old dunce" would be able to come to such a conclusion, as that intimated by the Religio, and we fear it is not in earnest when it threatens to send the FIRST one "that comes along" for we have not yet had a knock at the door from any individual answering to this description, (that is, we mean, from the Religio,) consequently we imagine that the sentiment referred to, was penned in haste, and that it has already passed from the mind of its writer.

OUR NAME.

The London Spiritualist comments on our name, the Spiritual Scientist; saying:—

THE AMERICAN WORD "SCIENTIST."—The word "Scientist" has been imported into the English language from America, by whom is uncertain; but we first heard it through the lips of Mrs. Hardinge. It is also commonly used by other American trance speakers. Since then it has begun to travel outside the ranks of Spiritualism; Mr. Serjeant Cox uses it in his book, "What am I?" and Nature, in reviewing that book, called special attention to his use of the word. The Family Herald recently ridiculed it as a Transatlantic importation, not yet forming a recognized part of the English language, though why it should not be adopted, seeing that it is a substitute for the phrase "scientific man" it is difficult to understand, seeing that it economises both time and space. A new Spiritual journal was started some months since in Boston, called "The Spiritual Scientist" so that will force the word upon us with all the more energy. Still, the journal had better have been called the "Scientific Spiritualist"; because on this side of the water, whenever its name is quoted, the majority of readers will doubt whether it is not an illiterate title or a slang word, ranking in the same category as "gin slings," "stone fences," and "brandy smashes."

We appreciate this interest in our welfare, but hope that the Scientist will, at some day not far distant, have a greater work to perform than that of impressing the word "SCIENTIST" on English Spiritualists, or giving its definition for the benefit of those more benighted ones who are apt to associate it with "gin slings, and brandy smashes." But there are other kind of "slings" than "gin slings" and so there are higher minds in the universe, than those who would use the word "Scientist" in this connection. Nor do we care to believe that the average English mind is so far below the standard, that the word "Scientist" should excite in their imaginations visions of "taking a drink." We thank the London (Scientific) Spiritualist for its notice, and appreciate the kind intentions which led it to define the word to their readers thereby aiding us to disabuse the public mind of any impression other than that, the Scientist reveals the "Spirit Divine," and does not deal in the "spirit of wine."

A NEW VOLUME.

With the present number our first Volume closes. An excellent opportunity is presented for new subscribers to commence a subscription with the new Volume, and we hope our READERS will not lose sight of this fact. Each of our subscribers should induce some one of those who have borrowed the Scientist, to now send in a subscription; if all who read the Scientist were on its books as regular subscribers, our circulation would be largely increased.

NUMBER OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Define the word "Spiritualist" and one can make a better estimate as to the number of Spiritualists in the United States and World. Define Spiritualism, and you can better decide what progress it is making throughout the country. That the principles, spirit intelligence, (we speak collectively) inculcates, will tend to increase the interest of the investigator seems self-evident, judging human nature by the average standard. That other causes will act as a check on this tendency, is also apparent. That these principles, spirit teachings, if made the basis of an earth life and rigidly adhered to, would attract pupils in large numbers, striving to be worthy of the name of "Spiritualist" may also be assumed. Is there an inference?

If Spiritualism is not a sect, if it is not an organization; if it has no belief or principles worthy of dissemination; if it has no work to do; if it runs like a silent underground stream, simply to make its way, but not to make itself seen or felt,—then it needs no speakers or journals to advocate its cause. But if on the other hand it professes to be the ONE GREAT TRUTH, and has got work to do in this material plane, its adherents had better do their work in the way work is done on this plane of existence. If as Spiritualists we have got a belief worth believing, it is worthy of propagation; and it should be propagated in a way that will produce the best and largest results. "Order is Heaven's first law," and a little system wouldn't be out of place among Spiritualists. If we accept as a Spiritualist any one who believes in a future existence and spirit communion there are many Spiritualists. If we pass this point of declaration many who now call themselves Spiritualists would step out, and many in other walks of life would be called in. Tell us that there are ten million of Spiritualists in the United States!—ONE IN FIVE, with a belief based upon FACT, and easily DEMONSTRABLE? Why they would leave the other four, even while we write it; No, we prefer for the credit of Spiritualism to believe that there are not 800,000 Spiritualists in the United States.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

MANY OF OUR subscribers are in our debt, and the majority are undoubtedly unaware of the fact. We do not send receipts for small amounts, unless requested, nor letters of notification, as this would involve an expense of money which can be better appropriated to a more useful object. We have taken the liberty to mark this paragraph on the copy of anyone who is in arrears. Will such persons please reply at once and forward such amount, three months, six months, or one year, as they feel moved to do; if unable to pay, will they please drop us a postal card to that effect. If done at once on reading this notice, it will not be forgotten.

It is somewhat noticeable if not remarkable, that the manifestations in developing circles, should in the regular order of development exhibit similar results in all parts of the world; there could be no better negative evidence, to warrant us in believing that Spiritual manifestations are as much in accordance with law, and these laws as mathematically exact, as those governing any other phenomena with which the world is favored.

IN CONSEQUENCE of the most intelligent people keeping aloof, and the most uneducated being split up into small societies having no influence, Spiritualism in America, is at present a rope of sand, so far as united action and power to resist attacks from outside are concerned.—In Boston, the headquarters of the Spiritualists of the United States, there are internal divisions, and people of education and culture, have not banded together in such a way, as to be able to give public expression to their views; consequently in Boston, and, indeed, throughout the States, the uneducated portion of our body is that,

whose utterances are attracting the greatest share of public attention, and this is certainly not to the advantage of the movement.—*London Spiritualist.*

HENRY SLADE, of New York city, writes to the Herald in reply to the correspondent "Inquirer," who it will be remembered made charges against the genuineness of Slade's mediumship. Dr. Slade proposed that a committee of two, neither Spiritualists nor church members should be elected. "Inquirer" can have his own table, chairs, and furniture and perform his experiments before the committee; Slade will then go into any unfurnished room, use any table or chairs, and give one or more seances, in the hope of disposing effectually of the charges preferred by "Inquirer" against him.

Send us a club of EIGHT, for six months, at one dollar thirty cents, we will send you as a premium The Scientist for one year.

Send us FIVE for three months, and we will send you a copy free during that period.

CONCERNING DARK SEANCES.

BEFORE THE Royal Institution, a few weeks since, a lecture was delivered on the "Physiological Action of Light," to which the following experiment was incident:—

The lecturer took a frog which had been killed under chloroform, and extracted one of its eyes, which he supported upon two terminal points of wet clay, moistened with sulphate of zinc; these terminals were connected with a reflecting galvanometer, which at once exhibited a deflection due to the electrical current developed by the tissues of the eye. The front of the eye rested upon one clay point, whilst the back of the eye rested upon the other. Now and then he allowed light to fall upon the arrangement, when, of course, it acted upon the side of the eye. Every time a flash of light fell upon the eye, an electrical current was generated in the retina, which caused a deflection of the needle of the galvanometer; a single flash was sufficient, not much additional effect being produced by the prolongation of the action of light. Every time he shut off the light there was another sharp deflection, which he proved with tolerable certainty to be due to the recovery of sensitiveness by the eye, when left in the dark. Most of the eyes of frogs when used in experiments like these, lived, he said, for two or three hours. The electrical disturbance was not caused by the dark heat contained in light, since the effect was just the same with candle light, which had been passed through a solution of alum or with moonlight.

The point of interest of these experiments to Spiritualists, is this—he proved that light falling upon the eyes of frogs and of other animals, generated an electrical current in the retina, the action of which is continued to the brain, also that this effect is continuous so long as the light acts, although it is much greatest at the instant when light first falls upon the eye. This current from the retina ceases to flow when the eye is in darkness, and the eye then recovers its vitality. Thus at seances, one source at least, if not more, of the consumption of vital energy is cut off by darkness, consequently to this extent, if not to a greater degree, there is less loss of nervous energy in the dark than there is in the light.

"BOGUS MEDIUMS. The Boston Spiritualists Union, which is largely composed of ladies and gentlemen of high character and intelligence, is devoting earnest attention to bogus mediums and their pretensions. At the regular Sunday meeting of the Union, last evening, at Rochester Hall, there was a general expression of a purpose to hunt out, and expose these frauds, as among, if not the most, serious hindrances to the cause of true Spiritualism. The course of the Spiritual Scientist in this direction was warmly approved, and the intelligent services of "Diogenes," who is visiting and investigating the claims of so-called mediums, gratefully recognized. "Diogenes" is said to be making quite a flutter among the sisterhood of seers, and several anxious questioners of the Fates have been turned away on suspicion that they were the investigator of the Scientist.—*Boston Herald.*

"DIOGENES," in the Spiritual Scientist, is "waking up" the mediums of Boston, and some of the entrancing brothers and sisters have no desire to interview him, as they don't like the glare of his lantern. The old Diogenes didn't like humbug and clap-trap, and his Yankee namesake has inherited the old man's peculiarity. The Scientist is a Spiritualist paper, but evidently doesn't permit itself to be misled by every unusual spectacle and unearthly noise that greets its eyes and ears. Miracles are getting too "thick and promiscuous" just now, to suit candid and level-headed Spiritualists.—*Boston Times.*

PHENOMENAL

OUR TWO.

Two pearls dropped from life's golden string,
Two birdlings flown on angel wing,
Two buds to bloom in heavenly air,
Two lambs in the Good Shepherd's care.

Two pictures graven on the heart,
Sweet memories that ne'er depart,
Two baby faces, pure and fair,
Framed in a mist of golden hair.

Two shadows fallen o'er the day,
Two stars from out the golden way,
Two little graves o'er which we weep,
Two darlings we have kissed to sleep.

Two little voices, heard no more,
Wake echoes on the golden shore,
Two jewels to the Father given,
Two little angels more in heaven.

Two links to draw our hearts above,
Two still to cherish and to love,
Two little ones to watch and wait,
To greet us at the shining gate.

KATHLEEN.

AUSTRALIA.

SOME NOTES OF A DEVELOPING CIRCLE.—JOHN KING.—
ACCOUNTS BY A VISITOR.

AT Sandhurst, Australia, some three years ago, a circle was formed for development and inquiry into Spiritual Manifestations. They have met regularly since that time, being guided by spirit directions; the results have been entirely satisfactorily, and the experience a varied and remarkable one. A medical gentleman, a recent convert to Spiritualism, and who is himself developing as an impressional and writing medium, was recently permitted to sit as a visitor in the circle, and he sends the following account to the Harbinger of Light, published at Melbourne. He says,—

"Yesterday evening I was admitted, through the kindness of the chairman, to the Energetic Circle of Spiritualists, at Sandhurst. At seven o'clock about twelve ladies and gentlemen, to whom I had been previously introduced, formed a circle joining hands, two visitors besides myself were present. We sat behind, outside the circle. (Before joining hands a lady played two airs on the organ, one being from Mozart's 12th Mass). On the lights having been put out, the circle began to sing sacred hymns; knowing some of the hymns I joined in. The singing was continued, with but very slight stoppage, during the whole seance. The medium was a gentleman, to whom I was also presented. In about a quarter of an hour after the seance commenced, I felt a hand touch my shoulder, pass down and take one of my hands, which were folded in my lap, lift it and place it on a head, pass it down the face. I felt the cheeks, nose, and mouth, and then down a long beard; this took place three times at very short intervals. Shortly afterwards, I saw what I should call a phosphorescent light, about the size of a small hand, floating about the centre of the circle. This light was constantly varying in form and appearance, and shifting about. After a time, it approached me with a steady motion, and when about one foot from my face, I felt a large hand placed on the back of my neck, and my head was drawn forward towards the light, and immediately behind the light I saw, clear and distinct, the features of a dark person, with what I should consider a narrow face. Something was on the head, but I do not particularly remember what it was like; I was so intent on peering into the face. The light was moved down, and I saw a long, dark, flowing beard, the chest on each side of the beard was covered with a whitish colored drapery, a fold going over the left shoulder. The light was moved about, and I saw whatever portion of the form that was behind it with great clearness. After a time it gradually vanished. Again, in about ten minutes, the light approached and I was pulled forward as before, and again I saw the face clear and distinct; and then my face was pulled forward and the form rubbed his face against mine, I felt both form and beard. It then touched my shoulder, or I should say, patted me with a hand and vanished. Whatever manifestations happened to any person

was reported to the chairman. I did so, as the rest. Two or three of the circle reported they saw a second form, I did not. The circle broke up after prayer.

THE AMERICAN KATIE KING.

THE PHILADELPHIA MEDIUMS.—LETTER FROM COL. OLCOTT.
To the Editor of The Times.

You are quite correct in saying that "Katie King problem is not solved yet." But certain things are solved to any reasonable man's satisfaction, namely,—

1. The mediumship of both Nelson Holmes and his wife.
2. The perjury of the woman Eliza White whose sworn statement under the pseudonym of "Katie King" has gone the rounds of the papers.
3. The actual appearance to myself and others of a male spirit recognized as John King, and of a female spirit claiming to be and recognized as Katie King.
4. The exhibitions of marvels of "direct-writing," the apparent dissolution and transportation of signet rings and documents.
5. The occurrence of all the Holmes phenomena, of their public circles, in my own apartments, under the most satisfying test conditions.
6. The ability of the supposed spirits to understand the French, German, Italian, Spanish, Latin, Greek, Turkish, Georgian, and Russian languages.
7. The writing of communications to myself by both John and Katie King, in the identical autographs of their notes of last summer to Mr. Owen and other persons.

I cannot begin to tell you the things I saw during the course of my fortnight's investigation; but I will leave it to you and the public to decide, after seeing my report, whether this sensational case does not, in a very marked manner, serve as a warning to those who jump at conclusions before hearing both sides of any question. Perhaps the most disgusting feature of the affair is that there is ground for a grave suspicion that the poor creature whose perjuries have been so widely circulated, was moved by the promise of a large sum by persons connected with the Young Men's Christian Association, to do what she did, ostensibly in the interest of truth and good morals. If this should be found true, a sudden revulsion may be expected from the present state of public opinion.

HARTFORD, Feb. 19, 1875.

HENRY S. OLCOTT.

ABNORMAL SIGHT.

THE POWERS OF A NATURAL CLAIRVOYANT.—HOW THE
SCIENTISTS OF AUSTRALIA APPROACH IT.

THEY have in Sydney, Australia, a natural clairvoyant, a boy some twelve years of age; a report having been circulated that this abnormal sight was a deception on the part of the boy, the father prints the following letter and challenge in the South Melbourne Herald. Some of the statements concerning the powers and the conditions under which they are strengthened or weakened are interesting and valuable. He says,—

SIR. In the Empire of Monday, the 15th June last, you kindly published a letter of mine, in which I alluded to the late Mr. Charles Dicken's knowledge of, and belief in the power of reading when blindfolded, possessed by a youth known in his day as "Townsend's Magnetic Boy," giving my authority for the extract I made, for the purpose of enabling all who felt any curiosity on the subject to "overhaul the book and when found make a note on." As I have not seen any reply to the letter, I am bound to the conclusion either that the subject is too difficult a matter to be coped with, as far transcending the skill of our Australian scientists, or that the letter itself must have been overlooked by them. My object, however, at the present moment is to inform my fellow-citizens, scientific and otherwise, I have refrained for a considerable time past from the exercise of my son's sense of what I must still term, for want of a knowledge of a better word, *abnormal sight*, I, on last Friday evening, in the presence and by the assistance of a medical gentleman who particularly requested me to allow him an interview, made the discovery which ought to be of some assistance to those who may wish to elucidate the case, namely, that when the boy is exhibiting his extraordinary powers, if the hand or any opaque object be placed in front of his forehead, the powers in his fingers becomes immediately weakened; and so far from any attempt on his part to obtain a view of the object he may be about to describe, the person holding his eyes closed becomes

conscious that until the pupils are rolled up towards the forehead and the eyelids comfortably closed over them he is unable to attempt any display of the phenomenon. Among numerous tests that he was put to on the evening I have named, the Evening News was bought at the door, and brought direct to him in his blindfolded state; and, after describing a large engraving that it contained more minutely than any one else present could at first sight (for he discovered and pointed out to the left of the plate a very faintly engraved figure, apparently watching the actions of the figures in the centre, from its hiding place in the bush, which we did not previously notice), he read sufficient of the matter to convince the most sceptical that it would have caused him but little trouble to continue until he had exhausted the sheet.

I have not the slightest doubt that this sounds incredible—monstrously incredible; but what will be said when I further declare that he is able, by the same process, to perceive and accurately describe objects placed at a considerable distance from him, or the movements of persons standing before him? For instance, if my incredulous friends would stand before him making grimaces for half an hour, I'll stake my honor that he would see them by pointing his hand at them only, and imitate their actions to the life.

Disregarding the very scientific manner in which certain medical gentlemen once attempted to obtain a knowledge of the case by endeavoring to wrap up the boy's head in a large bath towel, and placing the object they asked him to describe under a tablecover, entirely out of sight of everyone, to me it is very amusing to call to mind the strange methods that many, who have witnessed his capabilities, have of trying to make him *not do* the very thing they have come to see him do. One, for instance—a reverend gentleman,—accounted for his pointing up into his face when requested, and pronouncing his name, although he came into his presence on tiptoe, and unannounced, to the supposition that the boy must somehow obtain a faint gleam of light down the side of his nose, and so vexing the lad as to make himself positively refuse to continue. Another gentleman, who held the boy's eyelids down whilst he recognized him by a photograph that he had never seen before, when asked if he were holding the eyes closed, replied with the simplicity of all truly great men, "I don't know; come, Walter, tell us how you do it." To which the boy returned the same unsophisticated answer, "I don't know." Then tying a handkerchief on his own brow, the manipulator raised it with perfect ease and, reading from a book whilst his open eyes were exposed to the gaze of every one present, delivered himself of the belief that the boy also read with his eyes, forgetting that he only reads with fingers, as nearly every one else forgets.

Then an eminent literary genius contented himself with a piece of exquisite buffoonery, by tying a handkerchief over his eyes, *a la* Spencer, and, with difficulty easing it with his fingers until he obtained a fair view of the card, he attempted to read, pronounced the name printed on it, after playfully tapping his forehead with it, and then placing it to the back of his head. In fact, I call to mind many instances of the ludicrous manner in which persons have distorted themselves in connection with the matter in hand. One old gentleman, for whom I entertain the very greatest respect, after witnessing a display of his powers, would not be satisfied until he had vexed the boy by persisting in his repeating the performance with a handkerchief tied under his nose, although the child protested that he could not breathe, and naturally refused to exert himself any further, causing the dear old doctor's wife to exclaim, "The naughty boy, he deserves to be well flogged for imposing so upon his father." Good old soul.

Now, Dr. Fortescue and his friends, Spencer, Pattison, and Quaiiffe, say, in their memorable letter to the Herald, that one at least of their number is prepared to do the same as the boy can. Allow me to occupy a little more of your space for the purpose of suggesting to these gentlemen the desirability of their spending a few evenings together for practice; and when they have concluded as to which is the greatest adept in this particular line, let them pit their champion against the child, for a friendly wager of fifty pounds a side; and if they are willing to do so, I will name two gentlemen—they may choose two others—who shall together select a fifth, to act as

chairman of a committee, to decide and report upon the performances of their man and my boy, and I fear not the result will amply vindicate the truth of every word that I have hitherto published in regard to this truly extraordinary *lusus naturæ*.

In conclusion, sir, I have only to add that this offer is intended to be made to any person or number of persons who, believing themselves safe in doubting my veracity, may feel a desire to take it up also.

With many thanks for your kind indulgence,

I am your obedient servant,

140 PITT STREET,

ROBERT BONE.

THE SLEEPING GIRL OF TURVILLE.

TURVILLE is a small village about ten miles from Wycombe, and not very far from Henley-on-Thames. It lies in a hollow between two chalk hills, and in summer we should say the situation would be extremely pleasant. But it is, after all, a veritable "Sleepy Hollow" in itself; and the wonder is, that there are not more cases of a similar kind to the one we are about to describe. The old ivy-grown parish church is a relic of the far distant past; the sign-board of the principal "public" has grown rusty, and does not now swing in the wind as it used to do; the blacksmith's anvil, at the time of our visit, was silent, and instead of the flame of the forge and the roar of the bellows, a sleepy looking boy, and a dog in the arms of Morpheus, were all that met our view. Not another soul was visible—in fact everybody seemed to be, or perhaps was asleep. And yet the sun shone gloriously over all, and tinted the surrounding landscape with ever-varying shades of rural beauty. Indeed, but for the thrush in one of the old trees in the parish churchyard, that poured forth a perfect flood of song, we should have fairly concluded that we had entered dreamland, or had found out the spot which Rip Van Winkle loved so well. By dint, however of questioning the half dormant youth aforesaid, we found out the abode of "the sleeping girl;" but in reply to our questions, and those of a medical friend whom we accompanied on our visit, the youth only pointed; he seemed too dull and sleepy to speak. And when asked to hold the horse, he did so mechanically, and still without a word; so that the first conviction that we had really reached "Sleepy Hollow" was rather deepened than otherwise.

On reaching the door of the cottage, the occupant, a Mrs. Frewen, came out, and politely asked our business. On being informed that we wished to see her daughter, she,—after ascertaining that the one was a medical gentleman, and the other was something else—led the way to the "humble cot," where, as her mother solemnly averred, Ellen Sadler, the subject of the present notice, had lain asleep, "for four years, come March next." Sure enough there lay a girl on the bed, apparently about sixteen years of age, and sound asleep. The breathing appeared perfectly natural, and the whole features and form were in a state of complete repose. She lies on her left side with her hand on the pillow below her head; and there is no motion of the body whatever, except what is caused by the apparent inhalation and exhalation of the breath. Apparent, we say—for it is a singular thing that you may put your ear as close as you can to the girl's mouth, and yet not the slightest sound of breathing is perceptible—as is always the case when a healthy person is asleep. The aspect of the features is quite pleasant—in fact very much so; and not at all like that of a person laboring under any form of disease. Calm and perfect repose sit enthroned, and the whole surroundings are in keeping. But after you have sat for a little time and gazed on the "death in life" so vividly stamped on the pale face before you, the mind at once begins to try the case *pro* and *con*; and then comes the, to us, extraordinary part of the whole story. Many medical men of eminence, from England, Scotland, Ireland, and also from America, have visited the cottage—have studied the case minutely—have sent experienced nurses to watch; and all have come away baffled, and not convinced one way or the other. Some have openly asserted that the whole thing is a hoax, kept up by the family, for the purpose of extorting money. Others are satisfied that a mystery of some sort hangs over the case, which even the most learned cannot unravel. There the matter stands, and is likely to continue.

A few notes of the case, taken carefully from the statements made by the mother of the girl, may not be without interest.

Ellen Sadler, was born in March, 1859, and is the tenth of a family of twelve, the last, twins. Her father has been dead some years; and the mother has married again, which accounts for the difference in the names. When a very young child, her mother states that she was very thoughtful, and not inclined to join in the more boisterous sports of her youthful companions. She would sit by the fireside for hours, apparently thinking. She was a good girl—attended and loved the Sunday School—and had a very great reverence for all things sacred—particularly the Bible. Her father was sometimes given to taking "a drop too much," and when he would come home at night in this state, the little thing gave him lectures, and in fact spoke like "a good book" to him. When the subject of our sketch got a little on in years, like all the children of the laboring class, she was sent away to earn something. Her destination was Marlow, where she had the charge of two little children. After she had been there for some time, she complained of her head, and her mistress sent her home. The local medical man examined her, and it was found that an abscess was forming on the back of the head, near the nape of the neck. Under his advice, Ellen was sent to Reading Hospital, where she was treated for the disease which, however, developed itself in another part of the head, and, if we remember rightly, in the arm. After being three weeks in hospital she was sent home, but in a poor state of health. Then commenced the development of the disease—if disease it is—from which she seems to be at present suffering. She became weary, listless, careless of everything, and, finally took to her bed. She was at first afflicted with hysterics, more or less violent and evanescent; and these returned with greater violence when the state of somnolency began to develop itself. While in bed she frequently spoke to her mother, and several times asked her if she did not hear sweet bells ringing! One afternoon in March, 1871, she was more than usually depressed—had, in fact slept much of the day; but towards afternoon she woke up and said, "Oh mother, dear, don't you hear the sweet music?—listen!" Of course the mother replied that she did not hear anything. Thereupon Ellen repeated the question, adding, "It is the music of Heaven!" She then threw her arms over the bed-clothes, and calling out, "Oh mother, never leave me!" she fell asleep, and as the mother distinctly asserts, has never since awoken, or given any sign of life except breathing. And there she now lies, in general appearance and outward manifestations apparently bearing out the statement.

During all these long years a constant watch has been kept on the sleeping girl both day and night. The mother is by no means averse to any fair test being applied in order to ascertain whether her daughter is in a trance or not. She will not allow the girl to be pulled about in any way; but she has allowed the use of galvanism (without knowing what was being done,) but no visible effect has resulted from anything which has yet been tried. The pulse on the day of our visit was 108, very fast for either natural sleep or coma, or even a healthy person of her age. The pulse from 14 to 21 years is 75 to 85 per minute. The respirations were 20 per minute, which is about the normal standard for a girl of the age of Ellen Sadler. The temperature of the body as ascertained by the thermometer was 88-60, or 3 above that of a healthy person. The breathing, as we have already said, is perfectly visible, but inaudible, and the teeth are quite rigid. The body towards the lower part is very much emaciated, and the appearance of the feet and legs, more like that of a corpse than a living body. The hands have quite the natural color, but there is no flush on the cheek. The countenance is pale, but it is not the paleness of death. She is, in fact, rather a pleasant looking girl, than otherwise. The manner in which she is fed is by pouring a little port wine, mixed with sugar, into the mouth at a broken tooth, on the left side of the head. A little milk is sometimes given when it is quite fresh, and occasionally a small quantity of tea. The head is raised by the mother from the pillow, lifted gently on one side, and the liquid given three times a day. About half a pint of wine per week is the quantity used, in addition to the milk and tea. No difference in this diet is ever made now; and no experiments are tried; the case has come to be regarded as chronic; and the meals of the sleeping girl are looked on as part of the daily household arrangements. Only once, at the instigation of a medical man, a change was made. A little brandy and water was

poured down the orifice between the teeth, and the effect was almost instantly apparent; the face became flushed all over, and marked with pink spots; and from this and other symptoms—such as the vomiting up of a quantity of black, fetid stuff of very offensive smell—the experiment was not again resorted to. At this time the teeth had not become rigid, and the mouth could be opened; now all the symptoms are supposed to have settled down, and point to a permanent trance, only to be relieved by death; such, at least, is the opinion of those who look on the case as a *bona fide* trance, or long continued sleep.—*The Wycombe (Eng.) Telegraph, Feb., 5th*

NOTES AND NOTICES.

A COPY of the Spiritual Scientist will be sent to any address in the United States for twelve months, on pre-payment of two dollars and a half. As it is highly desirable that copies should be distributed, gratuitously in quarters where they are likely to have a beneficial effect, donations to that purpose will be thankfully accepted.

FRIENDS in the various parts of the country will oblige the editor by forwarding to him newspapers issued in their respective localities that may happen to contain any matter likely to prove interesting to Spiritualists, or in which statements may have appeared of an incorrect character—a very common occurrence—regarding Spiritualism. The paragraphs to which attention is called should be marked to save trouble.

THE "Science of Spiritualism," in pamphlet form, is now ready and for sale at this office. Single copies are sold at five cents each; and fifty or more at three cents each.

JOHN A. ANDREW HALL. Mrs. S. A. Floyd, lectures under control Sunday afternoon and evening at John A. Andrew Hall, corner of Chauncy and Essex streets.

CHILDRENS PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, meets every Sunday forenoon at Rochester Hall, 554 Washington Street. The public are cordially invited. Visitors will find the exercises interesting and entertaining in their nature.

THE Twenty-seventh Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, March 31, 1875, will be observed by the Lyceum, at Rochester Hall, 554 Washington Street. Morning, Conference of Mediums; afternoon, Children's Festival, to which all children of Spiritualists and Liberals are invited; evening, Lecture by J. J. Morse, to conclude with dancing from 9 until 12.

THE PEOPLE'S SPIRITUAL MEETING; every Sunday at 2 1-2 and 7 1-2, P. M., at Investigator Hall, Paine Memorial Building, Appleton Street, near Tremont. Seats free.

BOSTON SPIRITUALISTS UNION, hold meetings, on Sunday evenings; exercises of a varied character. Trance addresses, on questions proposed for consideration, &c. At Rochester Hall 554 Washington Street.

WRITING to the London Medium and Daybreak, Robert Cooper says: I have paid two visits to Mrs. Maud E. Lord, an excellent physical medium. The circles are conducted in the same way, and the manifestations are of the same character as Bastian and Taylor's, and Eva Fay's. For two hours we had evidence of spirit power. Musical instruments were sounded and floated, we were touched by hands, and addressed by voices. My spectacles were taken from my face and put on to Mr. Morse's. I was seated cross-legged. This did not please our invisible friends, for they took hold of my legs, and forcibly pulled them apart. They kindly also brought a handkerchief and wiped our noses. This will serve to convey an idea of the nature of the manifestations that take place through Mrs. Lord. She is a tall, ladylike person, with pale, classical face, and a profusion of black, curly hair, which overhangs and crowns her brow. Her manner is simple and pleasing, and at once disarms suspicion. She has just taken a house here, and holds public seances three times a week, and it is thought she will do much to promote the cause.

BOSTON SPIRITUALISTS UNION. At the Sunday evening session of the Union, a question was proposed for discussion involving the justice of giving full reports of seances with the public mediums of Boston. Remarks were made by Dr. H. S. Gardner, Dr. H. B. Storer, J. H. Rhodes, Lizzie Doten and others. Miss Doten after speaking her own opinion on the subject, was controlled to speak again after Bro. Rhodes had finished. The intelligence who spoke did not seem to place much value on "conditions"; he wished that he could say to all mediums "if you have not confidence in your mediumship you had better not advertise as public mediums—you had better not put out your shingle to obtain an unearned dollar." He further said, that many mediums were only half-developed and needed to be educated in their work, to be of any benefit to the cause.

Several questions proposed by correspondents remain over until next week.

TO INVESTIGATORS. ABOUT MEDIUMS.

Many who give their attention to Spiritualism for the first time frequently ask, "Why is a medium necessary to communicate with the spirit world?" If my mother or child in spirit-life desires to communicate with me, why do they not do so direct?" Remember you are on one plane of existence, while they are on another of a very different grade. If you yourself desire to do a thing, you must use the necessary instrumentalities to effect it. You must be provided with a spade to dig, a pen to write, or a vessel to hold water. You have legs to walk, hands to work, and vocal organs wherewith to speak. But these agencies have no power in themselves. All power resides in the spirit within the organism, the parts of which it simply uses as so many tools to effect its manifold purposes. The connecting link between spirit and material structures is the nerve fluid and other finer elements, which are impalpable to our senses. Now to the spirit these ethereal fluids are as real as flesh and blood and bricks and stones are to us who are in the body. Some persons give off from their bodies a superabundance of this nerve fluid, of such a kind that those in the spirit world can attach themselves to it, and thus bring themselves into relation with the world of matter. Some mediums give off a fluid that enables the spirits to move heavy objects and make sounds or raps. Other mediums give the spirits power to materialize themselves from the vital elements derived from the medium's body. A class of mediums can be put into the trance state, and the spirits can speak through them in the same way as a mesmerist operates on his subject. Spirits can also move the hands of some to write; others get impressions. All are mediums of some sort, and by forming a spirit-circle these gifts may be cultivated.

Ample instructions for conducting the spirit-circle may be found on another page but the most important thing to observe is a proper attitude of mind on the part of the investigator. Mrs. Tappan, in one of her inspirational orations has said: "The true key to spiritual investigation is sincerity, candor, a willingness to receive the truth; no simple probing or penetrating inquisitiveness will answer, no curiosity that seeks for mere mental sensation, nothing that seeks to augment the individual opinion upon any individual subject. You should go about this investigation with the mind free from influence upon this subject. Let it be as free as the air, as clear as water, as transparent also as light and life; and then each minute vibration of the spiritual world may reach you; whether it be upon your own mind or upon the mind of another, you will be able distinctly and positively to determine."

AT THE CIRCLE.

As hand in hand we sit and sing,
Magnetic currents run
Twixt Heaven and Earth to make the ring
That weds two worlds in one.

GERALD MASSEY.

WHERE ARE THE DEAD?

Yes, friend, where are they? Where are those loved and dear ones who have passed from your mortal sight? You alone perhaps knew how hard and bitter the parting was, with hardly a gleam of hope to bring comfort to your sorrowing heart. You know how doubtful it seemed when and where you would meet that loved one again. "Where are they?" is ever the burden of your cry, but it has met with no response. "Where are they?" Why with

you still; cheering and guiding you through the path of life though you know it not. Mother, thy child is still living, in a brighter and fairer sphere. Widow, he who was thy life's joy here is still watching over you, still loving you, and caring for you.

Father, mother, sister, brother, husband wife—the dead are not dead. They are but living in another condition of life. They can under certain conditions communicate with you, and assure you of their continued love and care. Hark! their voices are speaking to you through the gloom and sorrow of your heart's night, bidding you weep no more, but to rejoice in the truth which has brought comfort and joy to millions of people all over the globe. Spirit-communion is no fiction, but a glorious fact, revealing the blessedness of the life beyond.

A WORD TO INQUIRERS.

"Is there another state of existence beyond the present? Do those we call dead still live?" are questions which occur at some time or another to all in every condition of life. To the educated and the ignorant—the happy and the wretched—rich and poor—high and low, the change which men call death, comes and removes some one from their midst, leaving those who are thus bereft in the deepest sorrow. To many the dead are indeed dead. They neither know when and how they will meet the departed one again; nor what the state is in which they now exist, if there is even a continued existence, of which they are not sure. Which one of us has not lost some loved one—a father, mother, sister, brother, husband or wife; and which one of us has not wished for some intelligence of the departed one? Yet many would be surprised if told that such is possible, and that the so-called dead are living in a world of their own—and still possess their individual loves and affections for those they have left behind. The method of communication will be found described in another column.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

No mortal lives who does not yearn for the spiritual; who losing a friend, does not long for some positive evidence of immortality and the reappearing. What beseeching at the gates of heaven!

In the effort to supply the fainting pilgrims, the popular church digs up old dead roots from Judean dirt for food. They give a serpent for a fish. Hence almost everybody is sick—wrecked in hope—bewildered in darkness.

But there is a rest. At the inspirational founts of pure Spiritualism is rest for the weary. They who have felt the magnetic currents of spirit-life coursing in body and mind, drinking deep at the springs of God do enter into rest. And what a rest! How unspeakable—how ineffable—how full of glory, is this rest of soul!

SPIRITUALISM TRUE.

How do we prove this? You enter any court of justice to take human evidence, to assemble a certain number of witnesses, three of whom shall be acknowledged as wholly unreliable—wholly untruthful; you examine these separately, and despite their unreliability, they shall each separately confirm each other's statements; and this is evidence which no court of civilization can reject—evidence which for hundreds of years has been accepted as testimony in all courts of judicature. Now enlarge upon your position; let your three witnesses be truthful; the fact that they

shall confirm each other is no additional weight—none at all. It is deemed by the keenest analyst of human nature impossible that three persons separate from each other shall represent the same circumstances exactly, unless those circumstances have a common origin in truth, no matter whether the witnesses be reliable or not. But double the number of witnesses treble it, multiply it by hundreds, by thousands, by millions—remove your witnesses to every part of the world, separate them by oceans and continents and spaces of time that it is possible to bridge over; and when, instead of three millions, you have three times told three millions of persons, each testifying to the same general points of faith, that is authority which we think we are justified in presenting to you and it is upon such authority Spiritualism rests.

EMMA HARDINGE.

TO FORM A SPIRIT CIRCLE.

It is calculated that one person in every seven might become a medium by observing the proper conditions. The thousands of Spiritualists have, in most cases, arrived at their conclusions by agencies established by themselves and independently of each other and of the services of professional mediums. Every spiritualist is indeed an "investigator,"—it may be at an advanced stage; and that all may become so, the following conditions are presented as those under which the phenomena may at all times be evolved.

Inquirers into Spiritualism should begin by forming spirit circles in their own homes, with no Spiritualist or professional medium present. Should no results be obtained on the first occasion, try again with other sitters. One or more persons possessing medial powers without knowing it are to be found in nearly every household.

1. Let the room be of a comfortable temperature, not cool rather than warm—let arrangements be made that nobody shall enter, and that there shall be no interruption for one hour during the sitting of the circle.

2. Let the circle consist of from three or five to ten individuals, about the same number of each sex. Sit round an uncovered wooden table, with all the palms of the hands on its top surface. Whether the hands touch each other or not is usually of no importance. Any table will do, just large enough to conveniently accommodate the sitters. The removal of a hand from the table for a few seconds does no harm; but when one of the sitters breaks the circle by leaving the table, sometimes, but not always, very considerably delays the manifestations.

3. Before the sitting begins, place some pointed lead pencils and some sheets of clean writing paper on the table, to write down any communication that may be obtained.

4. People who do not like each other should not sit in the same circle, for such a want of harmony tends to prevent manifestations, except with well-developed physical mediums; it is not yet known why. Belief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but an acrid feeling against them is a weakening influence.

5. Before the manifestations begin, it is well to engage in general conversation or in singing, and it is best that neither should be of a frivolous nature. A ray of earnest feeling among the members of the circle gives the higher spirits more power to come to the circle, and makes it more difficult for the lower spirits to get near.

6. The first symptom of the invisible power at work is often a feeling like a cool wind sweeping over the hands. The first manifestations will probably be able tiltings or raps.

7. When motions of the table or sounds are produced freely, to avoid confusion, let one person only speak, and talk to the table as to an intelligent being. Let him tell the table that three tilts or raps mean "Yes," two means "No," and two mean "Doubtful," and ask whether the arrangement is indented. If three signals be given in answer, then say, "If I speak the letters of the alphabet slowly, will you signal every time I come to the letter you want, and spell us out a message?" Should three signals be given, set to work on the plan proposed, and from this time an intelligent system of communication is established.

8. Afterwards the question should be put, "Are we sitting in the right order to get the best manifestations?" Probably some members of the circle will then be told to change seats with each other, and the signals will be afterwards strengthened. Next ask, "Who is the medium?" When spirits come asserting themselves to be related or known to anybody present, well-chosen questions should be put to test the accuracy of the statements, as spirits out of the body have all the virtues and all the failings of spirits in the body.

9. A powerful physical medium is usually a person of an impulsive, affectionate, and genial nature, and very sensitive to mesmeric influences. The majority of media are ladies.

The best manifestations are obtained when the medium and all the members of the circle are strongly sound together by the affections, and are thoroughly comfortable and happy; the manifestations are born of the spirit, and shrink somewhat from the lower mental influences of earth. Family circles, with no strangers present, are usually the best.

If the circle is composed of persons with suitable temperaments, manifestations will take place readily; if the contrary be the case, much perseverance will be necessary.

Possibly at the first sitting of a circle symptoms of other forms of mediumship than tilts or raps may make their appearance.